

**FOREVER.**

By Anthony Hope, Author of "The Prisoner of Zenda," "The Chronicles of"

"And it's positively to-morrow, Dick!" exclaimed my Cousin Flo. And she sighed rather heavily.

"I was only thinking—"

"As it is, I sympathize with it. I was thinking, too."

"What were you thinking of, Dick?"

"I do not see," said I, "any use in rub-

"They were the real one," I interrupted. "The tensile of love is ever more remarkable than the tensile of hate."  
"Tensile? What does that mean?"  
"The forward to both of us—nothing!"  
"Hear what?" asked Flo.  
"I say," I said, "remember Daisy and Amy and Philip and Mrs.—no, no, ham! I do not remember Mrs.—" said Flo.  
"I don't tell you much, Dick."  
"You're dying to do it," I pronounced after a moment's pause, examining her.  
"Mamma says," remarked Flo, "that when she is really angry, she says nothing, everything, you know, Dick—that has happened before."  
"That's a very good thing," I continued, "and it is inexhaustible."  
"And when one is actually married—"  
"And when Philip is married—"  
said I, nodding.  
"Dick, Dick, what did she say?"  
"She said," she remembered then with a mixture of shame and amusement,

THEN I PERCEIVED SOMETHING ON  
ANOTHER THING ON THE OTI

"Captain Worsley told me," Flo observed, taking no notice of my question.

"There were said but sweet moon-  
orics," she had meant it," said I, "I should  
respect him. But probably you extorted  
it from him."  
"Well, you didn't get anything so nice  
out of him," rejoined Flo with a  
slight appearance of irritation.  
"Yes! I did. She told me that I was  
just suited to you, and she pressed Flo's  
hand affectionately."  
"How stupid you are, Dick! of course  
she meant that to be horrid."  
"No, she should express herself more  
freely."  
"Now Captain Worsley hinted—on quite  
delicately, you know—that I was thrown  
out of the room."  
"He has never forgiven me," said I, with  
much justification. He knows that  
I'm a hypocrite."  
"Nonsense, Dick. I know why he said

"In the long winter evenings, Flo when

you have been a little trying, it will be very something to sit and think furiously how different it would be with a man who had a little more backbone." He raised Phlo, steadily.

"No, yes, your needlework, but dropping a furtive tear, while you wonder—"

"Every word he said," Phlo would have been as good as saying.

"Every word they spoke!" I continued, "every word they spoke!"

"And with them will come back to us, and we shall feel how intolerable—"

"Is the actual life we are leading, com- pare."

"What we might have led!" I cried.

"What an imagination you have, Dick! Now suppose you were by accident to seem nice or—or to look nice, Dick or—" "Why, then we should cry: 'Thank heaven, we have escaped! This is our haven,'" and I laughed.

"What are you laughing at?" asked Flo.

"A touch of sentiment I detected somewhere," I answered, stretching out my leg to the blaze.

"Mamma's thinks we are being sentimental all the time," observes Flo.

"It is part of the sponge theory," said I, tolerantly.

It will be perceived from what I have said about my attitude that Flo was behind me, and I did not see what she was doing during the pause which followed my

"Yes, my darling," said Flo cheerfully.  
"Oh, nothing," said Flo. "It's much better to look at it sensibly, isn't it? Not to expect too much, I mean. Of course, marriage isn't paradise, is it?"

"That's the comfortable thing about you."

## END OF A VERY BAD FAMILY

**ONE OF THEM KILLED IN A POKER  
GAME IN MONTANA.**

mination of the Strohs, of Extra—  
A Story of Viciousness and  
Crime.

From 1876 till 1883 a reign of terror existed in and around Extra, Audubon county, Id., owing to the depredations of a covey of outlaws who lived in the

vicinity of Troublesome creek, in the southwest part of that county, the most notorious of them being the Strohs, the Andersons and the Mulhollands. The male members of the Strohl family consisted of the father and two sons, Dode and Roll. No religious meeting, spelling school, music class or social gathering could exist there for an hour without being broken up by the rowdies. They

to pieces and stealing any ivory rings or fancy buckles that might be fastened or attached thereto, and many an unlucky farmer has had to tie up with ropes and strings what was a new and fancy harness when he drove into Exira to church meeting an hour or two before, to enable him to get his vehicle home. A search warrant was sworn out once and the Strohls' house was searched, and in a trunk in one of the rooms were

The Strohs were accused and arrested for burning a school house and barn, and the evidence was strong enough to convict them had they been in any community where a jury could have been obtained that was not afraid of the outlaws. In 1881 the Strohs and Anderson quarreled, and Del Anderson stabbed Roll Stroh, who soon recovered, but from that time on a feud existed between the two factions that weakened

He got away, however, and came here to Spearfish, where he worked for Dr. J. M. Louthan and the writer hereof for some time, and seemed to be tamed down considerably. One night in De-

game of cards in Bill Gay's saloon, when he accused one of the players of cheating, who called him a liar. Dodge pulled a knife out of his bootleg, but before he had a chance to use it he was looking straight into the barrel of a sixshooter and ordered to put up his knife, which he did with an air of alacrity. Soon after this occurrence, in January, 1883,

He went to Story's camp at the mouth of Box Elder, about thirty miles northwest of Stoneville. On the night of February 23 he was playing draw poker with Jack Cole, David Lee and R. Collins. The limit was \$250, and it was understood between them that the rules of the game governing fair and honest playing would not be expected; and so

party other than Strohl won a pot by a hand of four fours which he had concealed in his lap, and Lee, being the loser, remarked that he didn't care about being swindled by a scoundrel, but it galled him to be beat by a fool. This remark, it was understood, was not made in an angry or insulting sense. Strohl

answered that he could take it or not, just as he chose. Strohl jumped up, drew a knife and went toward Lee, who drew his revolver and shot Strohl before the latter had time to reach him. The shot entered the left breast near the heart. He threw up his hands, saying, "I am killed," and fell to the floor a corpse. Lee was a cowboy in the em-

On February 17, just one week before his brother was killed, Roll Strohl, was killed at Exira, Ia. He and another tough from Troublesome creek, named Jesse Mulholland, rode into Exira in a sleigh, armed with shotguns, and went through the town browbeating and insulting anyone whom they happened to meet or see. Marshal Salisbury finally told them that if they did not

got their team, and when ready to leave town they commenced to abuse two young men named Willis and George Halleck, sons of the editor and proprietor of the Audubon County Defender, who were standing in front of a livery stable. Strohl raised his gun and told Willis to go into the stable or he would shoot him. Willis promptly obeyed the

Strohl fired, but missed his aim. The citizens anticipated trouble with the outlaws before they left town, and had been prepared for some such occurrence, and just as soon as he fired the shot at Hall-ock thirty or forty shots were fired at Strohl from the buildings near by. A 44-caliber bullet struck him in the head, just above the right eye, and lodged in his brain. He fell back until the next

Soon after this happened George Hallock had occasion to visit at his uncle's, Dr. Hallock's, at a little town called Oakfield, about five miles south from Exira. Old man Strohl and Jess Mulholland, who had been waiting for a chance to avenge the death of Roll, followed young Hallock to his uncle's and

called to him: "Now we have you and we are going to kill you." The young man, who was armed with a self-cocking revolver, slipped off his horse on the side opposite the buggy and began shooting at them, using the horse's back as a rest. The first shot hit Strohl in the neck and severed the main artery, killing him on the spot. The second shot

Both men fell out of the buggy onto the ground, one dead and the other insensible, with an eye out. Young Hallock rode home with a well earned reputation. Mulholland recovered and afterward came to Spearfish, but this climate didn't suit his depraved nature, and he soon left for parts unknown.

Nicholas is the bare fact that he lived in Asia Minor, somewhere about the beginning of the fourth century. He was bishop of Myra, Lycia (seacoast town), a benefactor (of course) for his piety and benevolence and was revered in the East at least as early as the sixth century. It the Greek church he takes rank immediately after the five great fathers, and under the name of St. Nicholas of Myra he is esteemed as patron saint of by far

As early as the year 560 Justinian dedicated a church in Constantinople to the renowned bishop. In the West, where, for a reason, he is more commonly known as St. Nicholas of Bari, he was assimilated to the god in the eleventh century. His vogue in the North began with the twelfth but extended so rapidly that by the Reformation he probably possessed in England alone more churches and chapels dedicated

**It Was All He Could Do.**  
Washington Star: "Mr. Lively," said the managing editor, "we'd like to have you draw something comic."  
"Yes, sir."  
"Without making reference to the new woman?"  
"Y-yes, sir."  
"Or the bicycle."

"Have you done it so soon?"  
"It didn't take me long to do all I could  
under the circumstances."  
"What is it?"  
"I've drawn up my resignation."

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